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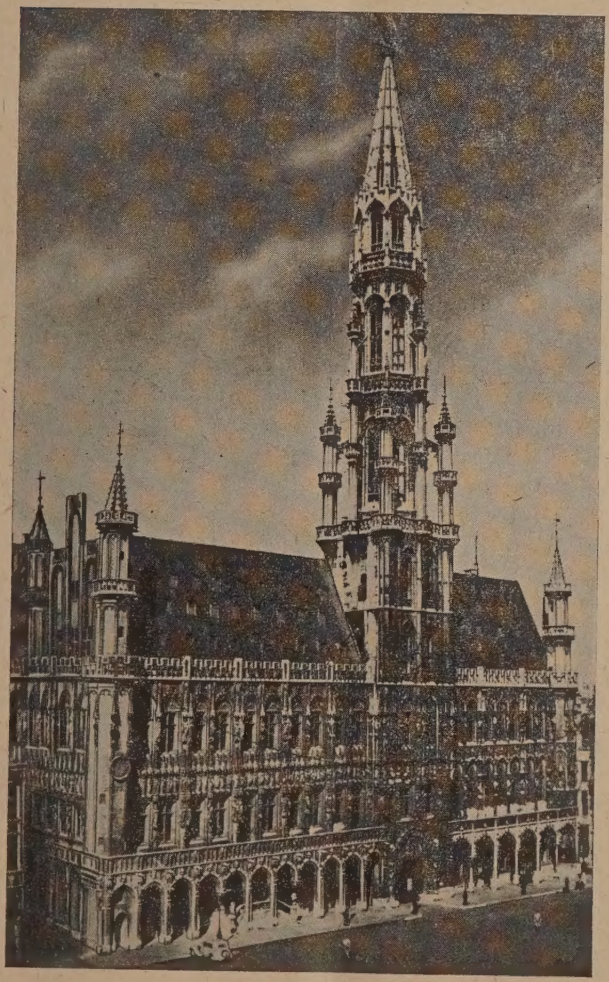

APRIL 1952

CONGO NEWS LETTER

Vol. XLIII April 1952 No. 2

Belgium

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Editor

ETHEL D. BROWN

Published Quarterly by the Missionairies of the A.B.F.M.S.

Subscription price 50 cents a year. Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer, A.B.F.M.S., 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. Subscription price in Congo 25 francs. Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L., A.B.F.M.S. Banza Manteke, via Leopoldville, Belgian Congo.

Not There -

Oh, the anguish of Mary!
Her grief and despair
When she came to the tomb
And the Lord was not there!
As she silently stood
With her balm and her myrrh
And His winding-sheet only
Was waiting for her.

Oh, the blackness of death!
Life's utter despair
Had she come to the tomb
And the Lord had been there
Lying wrapped in the shroud
With the balm and the myrrh
And no Risen Redeemer
Had waited for her.

THE LINE OF THE PAST

PHYLLIS BENNER

SUCH is my makeup that wherever I am I must search out the story of the past of that place. So it was when I was at home on furlough. So it was last term and again this term here in Congo. And so it was in Belgium. And the result is an appreciation for both of the peoples possessing this great land of Congo — the Congolese and the Belgians.

In Congo you have to search hard to find history. In Belgium it reaches out from every street corner, every road stops you to tell you its story. Thanks to this ever-present past Belgium and the Belgians taught me many invaluable lessons about this country of Congo.

On almost my first weekend in Belgium we went out from Brussels to Waterloo. How often have the Belgian people been a captive people, possessed by another land, yet each time they have emerged from their bondage stronger than before. Toward the end of my stay in Belgium we passed Waterloo again, on our return from a trip to the flint mines of prehistoric man at Spiennes. And there was the spectre of Napoleon again — but he was defeated. And on Belgian soil.

Family trees — of the most complicated kind — demanded our attention in the Colonial Course. Their very complications got into our blood. What first was an ordeal became a living interest. And everywhere we went in Belgium we were sure to get to talking about their intricacies. The Belgian royal families have been many and have come from many countries — England, Germany, Austria, France, the Netherlands, Spain.

Visits to Bruges and Ghent brought many of these to life again. At Bruges Maximilian was again in prison for twelve days, because he refused to give up the control of his son Philip, heir to the Netherlands kingdom. What courage, to keep a Hapsburg king in prison! In Ghent the struggle between Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, came alive again. There his granddaughter Mary was married to the same Maximilian of the Habsburgs who was imprisoned in Bruges. The anniversary of the birth of

their grandson Charles V, who was heir to the thrones of the Netherlands, Austria, Spain and the Spanish possessions in America, was a grand occasion for us in Ghent.

The present royal family of Belgium demanded its place, too. The royal palaces and monuments had to be seen. The high spot of this was the visit to the crypt of the royal family at Laeken on the February anniversary of the death of King Albert.

Our delving into history took us into the Protestant Reformation. Belgium had its place in this episode, too. Its Protestant heroes were literally wiped out in blood. The statues of the Counts of Egmont and Horne, and the *Grand-Place* with its ancient and beautiful Town Hall are monuments to this tragic Story. These places opened for me a new appreciation of Belgian history and its relationship to church history.

Caesar has his remembrances in Belgium. Godfrey of Bouillon, hero of the Crusades, carries on his battles beside the royal palace, Place Royale. His home in southern Belgium interests many. Erasmus visits his friend in Brussels, and brings back to life the learned period of the Renaissance. Old castles are manned by their lords and soldiers, and carry on the fight they finished many years ago. The Brueghels, Maes, Claeissons, Van Oost, Memling, the Van Eycks, Rubens and many other artists call us to see their work scattered over northern and central Belgium.

Our work in Congo is with two peoples. We need to know and like both of them. Living with the Congo people and the year spent in Belgium, a close study of both peoples, has made and is making our work here more vital and realistic. Belgium has a valuable heritage to pass on to its colony. Without it they could not hope to succeed. With it the Congo people may become an integral part of the world.

THE COVER

The GRAND-PLACE *of Brussels with its ensemble of buildings is celebrated as one of the finest monuments of medieval and Renaissance architecture. Our cover shows the Town Hall, built in 1402 and completed in the 17th century, a work of such ethereal beauty as to make one forget that it is built of stone.*

MEET BELGIUM

H. D. BROWN

PLACE Flagey in Brussels is an ordinary-looking city square. Tourists are seldom met there as they are in the beautiful Renaissance setting of the Hôtel de Ville with its adjacent buildings redolent with history, but Place Flagey is an epitome of the average Belgian citizen. Most of its area is taken up by very small, almost insignificant little independent stores where private enterprise predominates and the nearest department store is out of sight several blocks away. A note of beauty is present where two ponds trimly bordered with grass and trees grace the scene. Their verdant freshness seems to be better expressed when one retains the French *étang* for these two bits of water in the midst of a bustling city square. Here stands a monument to Charles de Coster, one of Belgium's great writers who lived a hundred years ago. Across the street rises in imposing beauty the building of the Belgian National Broadcasting Company (I.N.R.), its lines expressing the best in modern architecture. And then a little off the square but forming part of the ensemble is a church. Half a dozen streets converge on the square and the traffic of the city streams through it, but if we contemplate the scene we shall find out what kind of person the average Belgian is.

All those small stores around the square tell us a story. There are bookstores, laundries, groceries, undertakers and a dozen other businesses, but all of them small, private enterprise. The Belgian is an individualist who loves his independence. He will work early and late to maintain it and will put his heart and soul into his little business. The tradition of hard work means that the small store is not only kept in order inside but that daily its external walls and the very sidewalk fronting it are scrubbed clean. The Congo today owes its phenomenal development to the spirit and industry of these people.

That spirit of independence and love of liberty is a precious heritage from a long past. So we go across the square to the monument to Charles de Coster. De Coster, writing in French in1867 portrayed the resistance of the Flemish people to Spanish oppres-

sion under Philip II. As Jan-Albert Goris says, "The Spaniards in Flanders wanted to maintain the Catholic religion, they wanted to impose a 10% tax on revenue, they wanted to force the municipal authorities to bow to their centralizing tactics. Therefore they burned heretics, they confiscated their goods, they imprisoned and even executed those they considered dangerous to the regime. On a smaller scale they gave a pretty good preview of totalitarianism in action." De Coster portrayed the resistance using the stories, half legend, half history, of Tyl Ulenspiegl, whose father was burned at the stake for his faith and Ulenspiegl the son bears his ashes in a pouch on his breast, sworn to avenge the Spanish crime, and thus becomes the embodiment of the popular movement of revolt. Thus from the sixteenth century comes an inheritance of liberty, of democracy, of revolt against oppression which has carried Belgium with its brave people through two wars in this century. When there is no foreign invader to resist, the Belgian turns willingly to criticism of anything handy, in fact he openly prides himself on being a people prone to grumble and criticize. This does not imply a spirit of surliness but it does express a refusal to be regimented, and a quickness to stand up for what he feels are his rights. Almost any time a crowd is assembled little incidents occur, amusing to bystanders, serious to the participants, in which personal prerogatives are the subject of altercation. Again Goris, writing in *Strangers Should Not Whisper* says, "The middle class, to which the vast majority of Belgians belong, is like the choir in a Greek tragedy, complaining but wise, articulate but never violent, a safety-valve for the nation's temper."

Across the street from the De Coster monument is the broadcasting corporation. Externally we are reminded that Belgium's people are industrialists, building, manufacturing, processing and compounding the material things of streamlined twentieth century existence. Inside, the beautiful concert hall, one of the finest of its kind, and the concerts which are given, remind us that the Belgian people inheriting a rich artistic past have not sold their birthright for any mess of pottage but continue to cultivate the arts. A love of beauty, in painting, sculpture and music is also expressed in a graciousness of spirit. The Belgian is not as easy to get to know as the American, but when acquaintance has been established he

makes a charming host, and his graciousness is especially appreciated in the Congo, where Protestant missionaries, nearly all foreign, usually meet with a kindly and sympathetic reception on the part of their Belgian hosts.

Then there is the church up at the end of the square. It is a Roman Catholic church. The average Belgian is Catholic, many devoutly so, some nominally. Opposed to the average are "free-thinkers" and also Protestant groups. One branch of the Protestant church in Belgium is, with the Catholic and Jewish faiths, subsidized by the government. Other Protestant groups, Baptists, Methodists, Brethren, Independents, are very much on their own. Sometimes local churches are flourishing and active, often their small numbers give them a feeling of weakness and helplessness. The foreigner is, however, surprised. He has usually been led to believe that Belgium is solidly Catholic, but instead he finds a good many cracks in the solidarity. The fellowship of missionaries destined for the Congo, spending a year of study in Belgium with Belgian Protestant friends, contributes much to both sides. There is an exchange of understanding, sympathy, and a fellowship of prayer in the ministry of witness for Christ in the homeland as well as in the Congo which help us to realize that our Belgian friends mean a great deal to us as we work as guests in their great colony.

THE POWER OF INTERCESSION

Away in foreign fields they wondered how
Their simple word had power —
At home the Christians two or three had met
To pray an hour.
Yes, we are always wondering, wondering how!
Because we do not see
Someone — perhaps unknown and far away —
On bended knee.

—Prayers, New and Old.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN BELGIUM

H. QUENON

WHEN I was an army chaplain stationed in Germany, on several occasions I attended Methodist services held at the army chapel. One day a Scottish captain thinking I was a Roman Catholic chaplain said to his chaplain: "Have you see the Belgian padre? He's been converted!" "No," replied the chaplain, "he's a Protestant." "What?" replied the captain, "are there Protestants in Belgium?"

Actually there are very few Protestants in Belgium. In a population of 8½ million there are 60 to 70 thousand who claim to be Protestants.

The great persecutions of the 16th and 17th centuries annihilated thousands of Protestants or drove them out of Belgium whose soil was reddened with the blood of martyrs. The Spanish Inquisition under Charles V and his successors left deep wounds in the heart of our people. At the end of the 18th century there were a few more than 7000 Belgians who had not bowed the knee before the Roman Catholic altars.

Except for the reign of Léopold I who was staunchly Protestant in spite of all Rome's efforts, Belgium has been governed by Catholic rulers. However, the late King Albert once paid a magnificent tribute to one of his ablest officers, General Gallet, a Protestant. Before the great men of the country including the Archbishop of Malines he placed his hand on his shoulder and said: "Here is the best of my soldiers."

Among the Protestant churches of Belgium there is the State supported church known as the Union of Evangelical Churches of Belgium and also the Belgian Missionary Church. These two denominations have 78 churches. Then there are also evan-

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C.N.L. is indebted for this article to the Rev. H. Quenon who is Protestant Chaplain in Chief of the Congo colonial troops, officered by Belgians, the ranks being filled by Congolese. As a Belgian he is able to write about the church in his country from his own experience.

gelical groups such as the Methodist Church and the Belgian Gospel Mission, this latter founded by Mr. and Mrs. Norton. The Nortons were in London with Chapman and Alexander when the first world war began. They held evangelistic meetings among Belgian soldiers on leave in London. In 1918 several of these Belgian soldiers who had been won to the Lord asked Mr. Norton to continue this work in Belgium. Since then the mission has founded 47 evangelistic centers and the work has remained true to "the faith once for all delivered unto the saints" and continues to distribute millions of Bibles, New Testaments and Scripture portions. In 1919 they opened a Bible Institute in Brussels.

The Methodist Church is the result of rehabilitation work undertaken at the close of World War I. The first rescue work was organized in December 1919 on the ruins of Ypres. Today the Methodist Church has twenty-four evangelistic centers.

Besides the aforementioned work there are four Baptist churches, five Dutch Reformed churches, thirteen Salvation Army posts and twenty-seven groups of Brethren.

The people of Catholic Belgium are hungry and thirsty for the Gospel. The Word of God is proclaimed among them in churches, tents and in the open air. In government schools courses are given in the Protestant faith.

May this united effort be accomplished in the power of the Spirit for the salvation of the people of Belgium.

And Jesus came and said to them, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age."

Matthew 28 : 18–20.

WHEN WE WERE IN BRUSSELS

ANNIS FORD

FIRST you feel the brakes, then you know the speed has dropped from sixty to next to nothing; all of a sudden you are in the midst of the crowd moving along down and out of the North Station: all of a sudden you are a part of the life of Brussels, your next home for at least 365 days. There are "taxi! taxi!" 's all around waiting to take you (and your money) wherever you need to go. However, your first stop may be the *Hotel des Colonies* which is near the station — so you walk, and the folk who met you in Antwerp (you were lucky) help you with the baggage.

And so it begins. One's first concern is to find a permanent place to live — so "Let's see what Mr. Coxill has on his list." (This is just one more of his many friendly helps to missionaries. No wonder our Secretary for Protestant missions has to have a few hours a week when he prefers not to "receive.") About half the missionaries live in apartments, and half in *pensions* — or boarding houses. There are advantages to both — as I know by experience. The search begins and you become immediately conscious of several things: 1) that you need to know French; 2) that as an American you are supposed to pay fabulous prices for room and board; 3) that if you didn't, you should have bought a map of the city so that you would at least have that for company when you get lost; 4) and finally, that you are going to spend most of the day walking on cobble stones.

The New Englander who knows Boston really feels pretty much at home. The streets are laid out like the "Hub," narrow and crooked. Of course, Boston can boast no city wall, but that of Brussels stood through the centuries until the time of Napoleon, and even now there are several vestiges left standing. The "turnpikes" that lead to Newburyport, Worchester, or Providence might just as well be those leading to Waterloo, Liége, or Charleroi after leaving one of the several *portes* that originally let people beyond the city wall. As for cobble stones, it wasn't so very long ago that Boston started to cover up hers. Naturally, some of Brussel's stone buildings were built when Boston's three moun-

tains ("Tremont") were dotted with wigwams. But it is not surprising that the early fathers coming from England and the *Pays-Bas* (low countries) should construct their city along the lines so familiar to them.

People? — over 905,000 in and around Brussels; thousands board the street-cars and trains every day to go to their places of work. Thousands more go on their bicycles, while the housewives, armed with large leather shopping bags, usually go to the corner grocer for fresh vegetables, to the butcher for good ground meat (to eat raw — American style, they say) to the creamery for dairy products, and to a cleaning supplies store for soap or a broom (only the push type is available). In the center of the city there are about three large department stores where one can accomplish everything at once, and where the foolish Americans can even get ice cream in winter.

Mail service is excellent in the city — it comes to your door three times a day. It, however, is not the only thing that comes to your door: some people prefer to buy their milk from the man who pushes (often aided by his harnessed dog) or peddles around his little cart, with a litre measure ready to give the desired amount; during the course of the day, any number of shawled women in wooden shoes may push their carts of produce or fruit along the streets stopping to ring a bell or to yell their wares up to the women looking down from their balconies. Best of all are the daily open markets where all the fresh vegetables from the country, as well as fruits, eggs, cheese and meats, are displayed on long tables set up in rows in the middle of the squares. Daily trips kept us well supplied with green vegetables for salads and fruits for our American breakfasts.

The life of the missionary studying in Belgium enables him to get acquainted with the city and its ways. Normal school is in the very old section of town, not far from the unusual "flea market", where the collections of junk dealers, book buyers, and rag men are laid or strewn out on the ground to be sold to the wandering public. Everything and anything is there! We often found cheap used books which would help us with our studies. When we needed some little keys for our dish cupboard, we searched the old market. Our flat irons, to be heated on the gas burner,

came from one corner of the square and some glass prisms to cast rainbows on our Congo class-room walls came from another.

To get to classes and lessons, one might take any one of over a hundred street-car lines, and go miles for just five cents. The person sitting ahead of you with his nose in a grammar, or the young lady reciting vocabulary in the park may become your good friend, once you have gotten acquainted in a missionary reunion. A familiar sight as you ride the tram is a group of men in blue coveralls and wooden shoes, working on the trolley tracks, or resetting a section of cobble stone street. If you get lost, a policeman is probably at the corner, and is glad to help you provided that you can make him understand what you want.

Central heating is not common in many apartments or boarding houses. The foreign student soon learns to keep his little coal fire burning, for which he usually receives a special treat as reward: a kettle of warm water for a sponge bath. This same foreign student will try to take advantage of every opportunity outside of classes to hear and use French. One may attend mid-week services of the local churches, there is the Protestant Choral Society, and during the winter there are opportunities to see many operas and go to concerts. Of course, most of the evenings are still spent at home studying tomorrow's verbs and the history of Belgium.

The experience of living in Brussels has enriched us intellectually and spiritually. We have learned to appreciate our neighbor's way of life better by living as a neighbor, by sharing his green parks during the long summer days, and by exchanging warm greetings after a long cold winter night. Also among the group of missionaries of many societies and nationalities, have been built up many new and lasting Christian friendships. Wherever a missionary groups meets in Congo, it isn't long before the jovial conversations drifts to relating memories of the year passed in Belgium, and one hears repeatedly the phrase -- "well, when we were in Brussels ....."

THE MISSIONARY'S-EYE VIEW OF ANTWERP

CARRIE SPRAGUE

SEEN from the missionary's point of view this thriving and important Belgian city presents several aspects. For many missionaries it marks the beginning of their life in Belgium as it brings to mind the day they first set foot on Belgian soil after a long voyage from their native land. On this their first day in Belgium they are filled with thoughts of apprehension and wonder as to what this new life as a missionary and foreigner is going to be like. In some ways they find this city so like their native land as they note the modern department stores and office buildings. But they are reminded that they are now foreigners in another land as they are confronted for the first time by the problem of a foreign language and as they note the numerous bicycles and different type of street-cars in the streets.

Those who arrive in Belgium by other ports may receive their first glimpse of Antwerp as sight-seers on one of those frequent trips that the missionary group takes together in big buses. It is then that they learn that this is a city full of historical interest and at the same time a modern city too. Of course they do not have sufficient time in just one day to absorb all of the important points of interest but are only able to catch a "bird's-eye view" as they visit the old and new sections of the city.

In the old historical section of the city one finds the famous cathedral, completed in 1620, with its picturesque steeple 123 meters high, containing its valuable stained glass windows and housing three famous masterpieces of P.P. Rubens. A short distance away is located the Grand-Place, the name given to the square which was formerly the center of the old city. It is here that the Town Hall, the Guild Houses and the Statue of Brabo are located. Antwerp boasts of several museums commemorating famous men and events of her past. Among these are Plantin's House, Ruben's House, the Steen (a former castle), and the old Butcher's House.

Although Antwerp presents much of interest from the historical point of view, it also is living in the present and has much to contribute to the modern world. It is one of the most important ports in Europe. Situated on a deep navigable river, the Scheldt, and 88 kilometers (about 53 miles) from the North Sea, it has very fine port gear and equipment. Its quays cover 47 kilometers and serve 25 different docks. Warehouses, grain elevators, and petroleum storage tanks cover a large area. Antwerp is also an important industrial city with her iron foundries, engineering shops, and motor industry. She makes an outstanding contribution in the diamond cutting industry. She also boasts a 24-story skyscraper, one of the tallest in Europe.

To the medical missionary, Antwerp brings to mind the four valuable months spent at the Institute of Tropical Medicine and to them, this is Antwerp. Since this subject has been covered in detail elsewhere, we will only mention it in passing.

To all Congo-bound Ambassadors for Christ, Antwerp is the end of their stay in Belgium, for it is from this busy port that they set sail for Congo. And what mixed feelings this day of parting brings to them; feelings of joy that the difficult studies have been successfully completed and that at last they are actually setting sail for that land toward which they have been looking so long. But they are also filled with feeling of sorrow as they have to say goodby to this land and these Belgian friends whom they have grown to appreciate and love. Yes, Antwerp marks the beginning and the end of the missionary's year in Belgium — a year filled with many valuable lessons and profitable and pleasant experiences, a year filled with privileges of travel and education, but more than that a year when God's presence and faithfulness is proven more real than ever before.

But the angel said to the women, "Do not be afraid; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for he has risen, as he said.....Go quickly and tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead. Matthew 28 : 5, 6, 7.

TICKETS AND PASSPORTS READY, PLEASE!

EMILY KEYES

THOSE words became familiar as we took advantage of opportunities to make the acquaintance of people and countries suddenly accessible due to our stay in Belguim. The first time we heard them, we were between Cherbourg and Paris, while through the train window we saw the results of war's destruction even after six years. In Paris we were quite aware of the usefulness of the future months of French study, as our French dictionary accompanied us as we found something to eat, as we visited the Louvre and asked our way to Notre-Dame Cathedral. On a visit to Paris months later, we felt better prepared to understand French culture and discovered that the people spoke a language we could understand.

Other privileges have been ours. Missionaries in Brussels organized a Saturday tour to Holland's flowering fields. Squares of jonquils and narcissus, bordered by canals and towered by windmills, reminded us of old geography lessons. Now we could see, smell and feel the material that would make future classes more alive and meaningful. In Rotterdam, blocks of new apartment buildings are the memorial to as many blocks of homes wiped out by bombings. We found a canal trip through Amsterdam was a delightful and instructive manner of seeing the city without aching feet.

After examinations, we felt free to relax in England where the language was music to our ears. Ration cards for meats and sweets indicated the national spirit of determination during the post-war struggle. History became alive as we walked and rode about London. Festival exhibits vivified our picture of Britain, her people and her life. Stratford-on-Avon was well worth a day's trip, which also included a visit to Oxford University and Warwick Castle, where we could compare pictured ideas of medieval castles with the actuality.

But the high point of a week in England was the sight of David Livingstone's tomb in Westminster Abbey, with the quotation from John's Gospel: "Other sheep I have which are not of

this fold; them also must I bring." This call, reverberating in his heart throughout his ministry of loving service in Africa, sounds today, urging lives to answer with dedication of heart, soul, mind and strength, so that others may know the meaning of abundant life.

An eight hour ride from Brussels takes one to Switzerland. It was difficult to believe the beauty of snowcapped mountains rising from the clear blue lakes, and more difficult to believe that I was there to see it. On a Tuesday we swam under a hot sun in the shadow of Mt. Jungfrau; Wednesday we walked in snow near her summit; Thursday took us over mountain roads to lunch by the glacier at the source of the Rhône, ending the day at Lugano where orange and palm trees made midday snow seem unreal. But memories persist as beauty and as factual background for classroom use.

The memory of a conversation with a tourist will also remain. He was on his way home to India. Finding that we were missionaries, he was immediately interested, challenging the motives that send us to Congo. As we answered, we learned that he was seeking but had not yet found the source of spiritual power. Before the conversation was over, the train brought us to our destination, so we left with the prayer that someone else would answer the Master's call, helping this young man to find the strength he seeks through the Message of Christ.

These traveling experiences provided rich opportunities to gain a better understanding of the world, its problems and the contributions of its people. We learned more of the universal nature of the Gospel, and of possibilities to tell others about it. May these contacts with people and places make us better servants in Congo as a result of increased challenge and enlarged perspective.

Jesus came and stood among them and said to them, "Peace be with you." . . . . . Then the disciples were glad when they saw the Lord. Jesus said to them again, "Peace be with you. As the Father has sent me, even so I send you." John 20 : 19–21.

BELGIAN TOWER OF BABEL

ROSE UHLINGER

GOD DAG!" "How's the wee ba today?" "*Bon Jour*" "I say, old chap, good to see you again." "How ah you-all?. . ." No, it's not the United Nations, or the tower of Babel. . .it's just the monthly missionary *reunion* at the Eglise Methodiste in Brussels and the nationalities present include Scandinavians, Scotch, Belgian, English, Australian, American, and others. This big family headed by Papa and Mama Coxill, Congo Protestant Council representatives in Belgium, not only study together to pass the necessary requirements as missionaries to the Belgian Congo, but they worship together, take tours together and "pin the tail on the donkey" together. All of this spells FELLOWSHIP to these several hundred people of different countries and denominations. It also spells understanding and is a great help in simplifying the task of working together toward our common goal of evangelisation of the Belgian Congo.

The *Reunion* on a Sunday afternoon is the big event of each month when everyone jam packs into the church annex to sing hymns in French, and listen to one of Mr. Coxill's timely and invaluable talks on problems of being a missionary and witnessing in the Congo, to Congolese and Belgians alike. Having been a missionary here for many years and then secretary of the Congo Protestant Council, he knows whereof he speaks. After the meeting is the gathering and gossiping in the courtyard. . . the time to meet new missionaries, to greet those you know, and to catch up on all the news of the Protestant colony.

Fun night is also a big event whether it be a Christmas party to keep all from feeling homesick or a hike and picnic in the beautiful *Bois de la Cambre* or a pot luck dinner *à la U.S.A.* Eating and playing together is the shortest path to relaxation of formality, and real friendship and understanding. How can one feel aloof and alone in a strange country while he is blindfoldedly pinning a donkey tail on a big Swede's coat tail or a Scotch lassie's tartan amidst shrieks of laughter from the rest of the *braves missionnaires.* Fun nights and such are also likely to breed romance and

more than one sending mission society has woefully bid Godspeed to a young lady or gentleman appointee as wedding bells called — reconciled only in the knowledge that said appointee would still be serving Christ in the Congo, though under another board and in another part of the country.

Taking tours is part of the education and much of the fun of being in Belgium. These are regularly arranged for the missionary group and in big touring buses the sightseers learn of Belgian industries, see historic landmarks, old castles and cathedrals, and get a first hand acquaintance with the geography of the little country, which helps a bit in the final exam of the Colonial course.

There are weekly get-togethers too—a special prayer meeting for the missionaries on Wednesday nights when group prayer may be offered for the work in Congo and around the world. Then too, there are the informal teas at the Coxills. . .a time of relaxing from studies and of getting better acquainted with one another; a time to talk over mutual problems.

But perhaps the most meaningful form of fellowship while in Belgium is that of worshipping together, for there we find that our supposed differences usually break down into insignificant details. We are worshipping one God, following one Christ; we have a common purpose and task in Congo. The World Day of Prayer brought this feeling home more than anything else. As we bowed in prayer, in common with thousands of Christians all over the world, we did not need our imagination to tell us that we were partaking of a fellowship with all kindreds and tongues. They were there amongst us—whatever be our tongue, whatever be our denomination, we were one in Him.

Because I live, ye shall live also. JOHN 14:19

TEACHERS GO BACK TO SCHOOL

MARGARET JUMP

IT seems a long way from our verandah here at Vanga, where the temperature is a sticky eighty-eight degrees, to the Colonial School on Avenue Louise in Brussels where fellow missionaries are studying after having slushed through rain and snow to get to school. And it is a long way from the course in French Conversation which I taught this morning to students in our teacher training school, to the course in French which we took in Brussels. But despite the distance, the two are closely linked, for thanks to the opportunities which we had in Belgium we are better prepared for the work we are doing here.

The government offers to all foreign missionaries the privilege of taking a course in French, given by wisely chosen, capable professors. The missionaries are divided into two groups — the beginners who have had no French study, and the advanced students who have had some and are at various stages of progress. During the first four months both classes met ten hours a week. However the beginners took their medicine in smaller doses — one hour at a time, whereas the other group had two and three hour sessions. Since we had learned a little French during our first term, we entered the advanced group, and can testify that so absorbing were the lessons,and such was the concentration and energy of the professor, that we frequently sat for over three hours without being conscious of the passing of time.

The second day of school — a Tuesday — we were all startled to have the professor announce that "On Friday, Mr. Bontrager (a first term missionary from the Congo Inland Mission) will give us a fifteen minute talk on the war in Korea," and further that we must all subscribe to a certain French newspaper and each week some student would be responsible for a talk on some particular phase of the news. My sympathy for Mr. Bontrager didn't last very long, for on Friday morning I was informed that on Monday I would give a fifteen minute talk on "The Place, Importance, and Method of Teaching French in Congo Schools." Chet had a few more weeks of classes before he was assigned his

topic — "The Poetry of the Old Testament." And all his theological books in Congo!

In addition to the talks we had exercises in grammar, sentences to write, verbs to conjugate. Many a day we spent five or six hours on our "homework." And then within a short time came the dissertations. French compositions on all sorts of subjects, ranging from twenty lines on Congo schools to seven or eight pages on the problem of suffering or some other philosophical question. Yes we worked, and we worked hard.

And after Christmas when the number of class hours was cut from ten to four a week, our professor assigned us extra work to make up for the reduced class time. In our "spare time" we were expected to visit museums and historical spots, to see French plays and operas, to acquaint ourselves with French literature, for through these mediums we would become familiar with the wealth of French culture.

Perhaps it sounds as though our professor was a "slave-driver," but he knew what he was doing, for in the few months during which we followed his course, the French language became real to us. Instead of wandering through a jungle of irregular verbs and rules of agreement, reading a French book became a delightful excursion. Instead of stumbling and halting through a few trite questions and answers with our acquaintances, we were able to converse with them and learn to know them, and they us. And instead of our stay in Belgium being a year required by the government, it became for us a splendid opportunity.

And just what does it mean to our work here at Vanga? It means first of all that we are now able to use the official language of the country. We can now write to the government officials and express our problems and hopes and appréciation without wondering if we have made some foolish mistake. It means that we are better prepared to teach our boys and girls. For if they are to become worthy citizens of Congo, they must know how to use the language of the leaders. And then it means that we can be friends with other Europeans in Congo. It is true that many of them speak English, but there are also many who do not. And last term it was an embarrassment to meet them for we could not speak. But now we can learn to know them, and we can witness more effectively

as to our reason for being here. And so we are grateful for the work we had, grateful for a professor who made us forget that we were teachers but made us realize that we had to work harder than we had ever made our students work, and grateful for the opportunity that was ours.

TROPICAL MEDICINE

JOHN AND POLLY WALKER

THE Belgian Government requires doctors, nurses, medical technicians, and sanitary agents going to the Congo to take courses in tropical medicine. Some missionaries receive their required courses in one of the schools in the United States. However, most medical missionaries receive this special training in Belgium.

The Prince Leopold Institute of Tropical Medicine, formerly situated in Brussels, is located in Antwerp. The building is a modern three story structure. It is well equipped for teaching tropical medicine and adjacent to it is a hospital for treating tropical diseases contracted by Europeans coming from tropical countries.

The school has two sessions each year; one beginning in March, the other in October. During each session two courses are given; the *cours inférieur* for nurses and the *cours supérieur* for the doctors. Further division is made by offering lectures both in French and in Flemish. Rather intensive courses are given in tropical pathology, tropical hygiene, microscope technique, bacteriology, hematology, parasitology, helminthology, and entomology. A typical day of classes and laboratory study would run from 9 A.M. until noon and from 2 P.M. until 5 P.M. Aproximately two-thirds of the time is given to lectures and the remaining time is spent in the laboratory.

Our missionaries study with young Belgians who are going to the Congo, usually to work in the government medical program. We have formed friendships with some of them which can be continued in the Congo. As we learn to speak the French language better we can increase our friendships.

For medical missionaries planning to study in Belgium we would emphasize that a good knowledge of French is important in order to receive the full benefit of the course. Recently the Belgian government has adopted a plan of giving an intensive six months course of French and tropical medicine for doctors and nurses who are going to the Congo.

We feel that our one year stay in Belgium was profitable, and we have become aware of the importance of taking courses in French and tropical medicine before coming to Congo. We believe that we have become better equipped for the Christian medical ministry in the Belgian Congo.

HOME AWAY FROM HOME

DOROTHY WISEMAN

AMONG the memories of my sixteen months in Belgium some of the most treasured are those spent in the home for missionary nurses in Antwerp. This is true, not because they were easy months, on the contrary they were among the most difficult and strenuous I have known. Nor is it true because we were a group of Americans in a foreign land, for there were more Scandinavians and English than Americans. My roommate was a Swedish girl and we spoke French almost exclusively. Nor was it that our creature comforts were great for it was a cold winter and fuel was scarce. We often studied in bed to keep warm and there are more comfortable places to study. I usually began to study between 5:30 and 6:00 A.M. and stopped with my head swimming around 11:00 P.M. with only time out for meals. We were working under tremendous mental and nervous strain, and tension ran high. Our future usefulness to our Lord and to Congo depended on our sucessfully completing in four months, and in a foreign language, what we would normally have taken in eight months to a year at home. Then why, as I look on my experiences in Belgium, do those months spent in the nurses home stand out so clearly?

People are people and missionaries are not made of any dif-

ferent stuff than others. Twelve women cooped up in the cold of winter in such close contact and working under such a strain cannot help but get on one another's nerves sometimes. Yet in all those four months I never heard a cross or unkind word spoken! It was the fellowship in that home which makes it a living memory. We were desperate and in our desperation we drew strength and power from the Eternal Source of all Power. I had never before felt God's Presence so near nor leaned upon His promises so completely. How conscious we were of the prayers of our friends all over the world.

The home at Antwerp is run by Madame Kerreman, a Belgian lady, with the help of her friend Mlle. Slimer. She also has felt a call of the Lord and is dedicating her life to helping missionaries. For four months our interests become their interests, our hopes and fears theirs. Sometimes we felt that our success meant almost as much to them as to us. Madame Kerreman became in reality our Belgian mother and Mlle. Slimer outdid herself to prepare dishes from all our lands so that in very truth we were just one big family working together with God with but one purpose and one aim.

Every evening we met for prayers and learned to pray and worship in French. There was a "kitty" on the table and anyone who spoke anything but French at the table had to pay a penny. Then when it was over we celebrated on the proceeds! Somehow we could always squeeze in time for joy and laughter. No one's birthday was ever forgotten and those who did not have a birthday during those four months got a birthday party anyway! Christmas was a gay occasion and no one was forgotten. The moments for play were so short and the working hours so long and yet somehow we managed to pack so much fun and fellowship into such a few moments.

As exams grew near and time became more precious we decided that evening prayers were not enough and every afternoon we spent 15 or 20 minutes in united prayer. We chose as our theme song, "There is Power in the Blood." However, translated into French it goes; "I am strong, strong, yes more than conqueror through the blood of Jesus my Savior." And we believed it!

We chose secret prayer partners and nearly every day we

would find one of God's precious promises pasted to our desk. Never a hint of from whence it came yet what Power it gave and what victory !

For the first time in history of the Home every girl living there passed the course. Our hostesses were heard to remark that they had never had a group of girls who lived together so happily or worked together with such unity of purpose and spirit.

As we knelt together that last night, our hearts overflowing with joy and thanksgiving, I had ceased to think in terms of MY church and MY society and MY mission. In its place I saw lights being lit all over Congo uniting in one great flame which spread and reached up even to the throne of God.

Do you wonder then, that those days spent in our Home in Antwerp have become treasured living memories?

FIRST GLIMPSES OF CONGO

EMILY KEYES

WHERE should I start to describe my first impressions of Congo? With the thrill of seeing land on each side of the *S.S. Baudouinville* as we entered the mouth of the Congo River? Or with the glimpse of a dozen hippos swimming across the river after our ship had passed their swimming spot? Or the sight of a river fisherman in his canoe (just like the pictures)? Or the beauty of graceful palm trees on grassy hillsides with no sign of the swampy jungles that somehow had crept into previous notions of Congo"? Although the scenery was a bit different from Belgium and from New York State, these experiences were accompanied by the heart-warming realisation that this is home, that the people of this land are my people, that here I will find the challenges, the work, perhaps the discouragements, and surely the satisfactions that will make up my life.

Matadi! A name that took on new meaning in addition to the earlier associations with addresses for freight and for boat-mail destined for our lower-Congo stations. Now it is the symbol

of arrival on Congo soil, of getting baggage through customs and of boarding the train that would take me to Sona Bata by way of Banza Manteke. Another memory will be that of being greeted at the ship by the friendly Swedish missionaries, who weren't scared away by the heavy thunderstorm. The flashes of lightning and the thunder reminded one of a Fourth of July celebration. Congo was greeting us with a bang!

A two and a half hour train-ride from Matadi brought me to Lufu, the station stop for Banza Manteke. Sure enough, there were Ethel and Harry Brown waiting for me, ready to take me and a truckload of cement over the red clay road to "B.M." Again came the realisation that this was where the Master's work—and ours—was in action. It was good to see this part of the Congo family, greeting the ones who had left Belgium before me, and getting to know better the ones whose names had been familiar for many months. It was another thrill to visit the hospital and school work, thankful for a knowledge of French, so as to say a few words to some of the people, but impatient to learn their language, so as to greet them in their own tongue. However, it would have been impossible to put into the words of any language the emotions that were permeating my whole being. Such feelings as gratitude for being in Congo at last, appreciation of the friendliness of everyone, and the joy of fellowship as I heard strong, mellow voices joined together in a familiar hymn in words that were not yet familiar...these things cannot be expressed adequately. You too must come and feel the lump in your own throat in order to know my impressions of this visit to our oldest mission station.

But, even that experience was put in the background when the train from Lufu arrived at Sona Bata, where again, familiar faces were waiting for me, ready to take me up the hill to the mission station, where 400 youngsters and their teachers were waiting for me in front of the church, singing their greeting with fervor and wholeheartedness. That moment brought the realization that they had been waiting for me, that they expected much from me, much more than I would be able to give if I depended on my own strength, but that I must let God work through me, so that they might not be disappointed, if for no other reason.

This was the beginning of my first term as a missionary, the beginning of my life in Congo. Here were my fellow missionaries, my African colleagues and the youngsters who are a part of the future Church of Christ in Congo. Here I would learn to speak their language and here I would learn much of the Master and His work. Here I will probably make mistakes, but with His help, may they not be serious ones! Here, too, I will depend much on the support of others: help and advice from fellow missionaries and prayers from people in America.

Congo has given me a hearty welcome. She promises also the contentment of happy years of service. To some people, it may seem strange when I say that now I am at home, across the Atlantic from America, but that is the feeling within my heart. This is the work for which all my previous experiences have been preparing me. This is where I belong.

FIRST DAYS IN CONGO

ED AND JEANNETTE WRIGHT

ONE of the first impressions we had as we awoke one morning to find our ship anchored in the Congo River was that of the beauty of the landscape. The lush green foliage bordering the river and the low mountains in the distance were reminders of the beautiful Pacific Northwest we had left the year before. As we saw small thatch-roofed houses, it began to look more like the Congo we had pictured and read about.

In Matadi we admired the women with their long colorful dresses and graceful walk—carrying a child on their backs or loads on their heads, or sometimes both.

Then as we arrived at the mission station we were surprised at the comfort of the homes. Plain by standards at home but very comfortable with cold running water and electricity. The American food was wonderful, too, after two weeks on a foreign ship.

Our first trip to the nearby leper colony was a blessed experience. In spite of physical illness the faces of those who crowded into the little chapel radiated such happiness and joy in their Christian lives it was truly an inspiring sight.

It has been such a help and encouragement to us in these days of adjustment and language study to talk with those who have had years of missionary experience. Those who are devoted to the task of spreading the message of salvation in this land.

As we hear of the need of those in nearby villiages for the message of Christ, it is our prayer that we may speedily learn the language. That the Spirit working through us and those with whom we work may take the Light of the World to those who are still in darkness.

NEWS NOTES

Banza Manteke — It was with very great regret that we had to see Dr. and Mrs. Freas leave for home, by plane early in December. Dr. Freas was stricken with infantile paralysis about the middle of November and was advised to go to U.S. for treatment. The latest news is very encouraging, he is able to do a little walking unaided and will have nearly a complete recovery. He is in the New York State Rehabilitation Hospital in West Haverstraw, N.Y. We hope that his recovery will be complete and speedy and that he will be back in Congo in due time.

Early in November the staff was increased by our new missionary family, Rev. and Mrs. E. V. Wright and their small sons, David and John. Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Brown and sons Donald and Douglas, returning from furlough arrived also early in November.

When our Reference Committee met in January it was decided that Rev. and Mrs. P. J. Uhlinger go to Boko to take over when Mr. and Mrs. Robbins go on furlough. We are very sorry to lose the Uhlinger family. They have a very warm place in the hearts of "B.M." people.

Dr. Walker is now making regular visits to B.M. to take care of hospital cases needing a Doctor's attention, otherwise Miss Ehnbom is carrying on in the absence of Dr. Freas.

Léopoldville — Ben Armstrong and Harry Watkins attended the Reference Committee at Kikongo the first week in January.

Miss Shank, Woman's Board secretary, arrived by plane at Leopoldville, February 6th. She will be visiting all our stations while here in Congo. She also attended the annual CPC meeting at Blukwa, together with Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Metzger.

Leopoldville School reopened in January, after a months vacation, with an increased enrollment of over 100, bringing the total enrollment up to 550.

The primary and junior church groups keep us busy Sunday mornings during the regular service. We have over 200 little tots ranging from three years to nine.

Kikongo — We were very happy to welcome the newest member of our staff, Glen Allen, the first son of Rev. and Mrs. Donald Niles, on November 26, 1951. In December the Reference Committee met at Kikongo and got through the business in hand in record time. We were happy to welcome Mrs. Smith to Kikongo in time to take over the closing of school, so that Grace Cooper could leave for furlough in February. We graduated our first class of nine students in the School for training village school teachers. It is a helpful addition to our teaching staff to have two teachers for the Bible School. This enables Mr. and Mrs. Brown to enter another class in the Bible School. We now have enough girls to begin our *école menagère* (domestic training). A large evening school has been begun for older boys who work in the day time.

Moanza — Mr. and Mrs. Bubeck and Naomi arrived from furlough in February. Their furlough was extended for health reasons, but we are very happy to have them back again to take over the evangelistic work. Mr. Smith returned to Kikongo upon their arrival. We have been very grateful for the help of Mr. and Mrs. Smith during the few months they spent here. Doris Wiseman arrived to take over the school to relieve Miss Eldredge for her furlough. She leaves in April.

Sona Bata — Early in February we had the pleasure of welcoming our new missionary, Miss Emily Keyes, who is here for language study, and to help in the school. By the time this is sent out, we expect to have Dr. Carrie Sprague here also for language study and to help in the medical work.

PAUL CHRISTOPHER METZGER

1878–1952

Mr. Metzger gave 34 years of his life to the Congo, coming out with his wife as a young man in 1905 when missions in this land were still in the hard pioneering stage. As captain of our gospel ship the *Henry Reed*, he became familiar with many of Congo's waterways and as a minister of the gospel to the people living along the course of his journeys. After a brief introduction to Congo at Ikoko on Lake Tumba with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark, the Metzgers were sent to Tshumbiri where they laboured for 25 years, often the only missionaries to carry on the work. When Tshumbiri was transferred to the British Baptists in 1931, the Metzgers were designated to Tondo and gave themselves wholly to the work until their retirement in 1939. Mr. Metzger's years of successful experience in evangelism, church organization and educational work combined with his practical experience in the maintenance of a station were a very real help to young missionaries working with him.

Shortly after their retirement, Roland Metzger, their only son, followed his parents' example by coming to the Congo in 1942, and is stationed at Sona Bata with his wife and their two little boys, Paul and Charles.

The years of retirement were active ones at first for Paul Metzger as he sought by speaking and writing to keep the needs of Congo before the churches at home. Mrs. Metzger passed away in 1947 and the succeeding years for Mr. Metzger were ones in which the willing spirit found physical limitations more and more preventing his active deputation work. When the end came on February 23, 1952, he was residing at the Maywood Baptist Home near Chicago. There he could keep in fellowship with Second Baptist Church which had sent him to the Congo 47 years ago and kept him on their roll of missionaries all through the years.

NIGHT, WITH EBON PINION

Night, with ebon pinion,
Brooded o'er the vale,
All around was silent,
Save the night-wind's wail,
When Christ, the Man of sorrows,
In tears, and sweat, and blood,
Prostrate in the garden,
Raised His voice to God.

Smitten for offenses
Which were not His own,
He, for our transgressions,
Had to weep alone;
No friend with words to comfort,
Nor hand to help was there,
When the Meek and Lowly
Humbly bowed in pray'r.

Abba, Father, Father,
If indeed it may,
Let this cup of anguish
Press from me I pray:
Yet, if it must be suffered,
By me, Thine only Son,
Abba, Father, Father,
Let Thy will be done.

— LOVE H. JAMESON
From "Christian Worship Hymnal"

BELGIAN CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY
with P. O. addresses*

BANZA MANTEKE
via Matadi
Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Brown
Miss Esther Ehnbom, R.N.
Miss Annis Ford
Rev. and Mrs. Edward V. Wright

BOKO
via Popokabaka et Inkisi
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Robbins
Miss Eva Shepard
Rev. and Mrs. Philip Uhlinger

KIKONGO *sur Wamba*
via Banningville
Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Brown
Rev. and Mrs. Donald Niles
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith
Miss Dorothy Wiseman, R.N.

E.P.I. KIMPESE
via Matadi
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Hall

LEOPOLDVILLE II
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Armstrong
Rev. Phyllis Benner
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Watkins

MOANZA *sur Inzia,*
via Masi-Manimba
Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Bubeck
Miss Alice Jorgenson, R.N.
Miss Doris Wiseman

SONA BATA
via Matadi
Miss Vendla Anderson
Miss Emily Keyes
Rev. and Mrs. R. G. Metzger
Dr. Carrie Sprague
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle
Dr. and Mrs. John W. Walker

VANGA *sur Kwilu,*
via Banningville
Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Jump
Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Osterholm

LECO, CONGO BOOK SHOP
B. P. 123 Léo-Est
Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Carpenter

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Agnes Anderson, R.N.
Rev. E. and G. Atkins
Miss Mary Bonar
Rev. and Mrs. Edwin Boone
Miss Grace Cooper
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Miss Helen Gaskill
Miss Emily Satterberg, R. N.

STUDY IN BELGIUM

Rev and Mrs. M. S. Engwall
Miss Jean Luckey

UNDER APPOINTMENT

Rev. and Mrs. Arley Brown
Rev. and Mrs. Norman Riddle

* *Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S., except Kimpese*